Jubilee, by Robert Shearman

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(*This is the story that became 'Dalek' on TV. Although the televised episode in 2005 ended up being very different in many important ways, this is the core of the idea that Russell T. Davies wanted writer Rob Shearman to develop.)*

[Part One]

ANNOUNCER: Coming soon - Daleks: The Ultimate Adventure.
DALEK: Behold. Our target, the planet Earth is in our sights.
DALEK 2: We will subjugate the Earthlings.
DALEK 3: They shall bow down before the might of the Daleks.
DALEK 4: Today the Earth, tomorrow the entire universe!
ANNOUNCER: It was a time of crisis. It was a time of peril.
DALEK: Nothing in the world can stop us now.
(Daleks laugh.)
ANNOUNCER: But in a time of perils and crises, one man shall emerge to be the saviour of us all.
DALEK: What is that ominous sound?
(Tardis materialises, door opens, footsteps.)
ACTOR: Daleks. I hate these guys.
DALEK: Oh no, it is the Doctor. Scarper! Scarper!
DALEKS: Scarper! Scarper!
ANNOUNCER: If you think you have seen the Doctor fight the Daleks, think again. This is the Ultimate Adventure.
(Weapons fire.)
ACTOR: I'm sending you mutated pepperpots straight back to hell.
ANNOUNCER: More action. More excitement. More Daleks getting killed in very loud explosions
DALEK: I am the master of Earaaaaaargh (kaboom)
ACTOR: Not on my watch, buddy.
ANNOUNCER: And introducing Plenty O'Toole as Evelyn 'Hotlips' Smythe.
ACTRESS: (breathy) Oh, Doctor. Now you have defeated the Daleks, would you like to defeat me?
ACTOR: Don't mind if I do. (smooch.)
ANNOUNCER: Daleks: The Ultimate Adventure. Coming to a cinema near you, soon. (fast) Your supervisor will inform you of the cinema to which you have been assigned. Attendance is compulsory by order of the Historical Instruction Act. All praise the glorious English Empire.

EVELYN: Doctor, I can't believe you just said that.
DOCTOR: Oh, did I put my foot in it again? I have a habit of doing that.
EVELYN: You've as good as told me that my entire life's work is useless.
DOCTOR: No, I'm quite sure I bit my tongue before I went that far.
EVELYN: I've had years of people telling me that history is useless. It's all dead, they say. What's the point? My parents, my ex-husband, first year undergraduates going through that predictable rebellious phase when they realise they'd rather have studied gym.
DOCTOR: All I said was, the more you travel with me in the Tardis, the more you actually *see* the past you write about, the more you must admit very little of what you thought actually holds water.
EVELYN: Useless, in other words.
DOCTOR: Oh, I would never say history was useless. Dangerous, maybe.
EVELYN: I don't travel with you in the Tardis as a sight-seer, Doctor. I travel as a serious academic wanting to see history in the making.
DOCTOR: But you've never seen history. You've seen someone else's present day.
EVELYN: Well, of course I know that.
DOCTOR: History isn't the past, Evelyn, it's a version of the past we choose to remember. It takes the past and tidies it up. Inexplicable horrors explained. The most obscene atrocities reduced to cause and effect.
EVELYN: That isn't fair.
DOCTOR: No, it isn't. Putting the past into some perspective, making it safe. And we're both experienced enough to know there is very little safe about it. Ah, we've landed.

EVELYN: Where are we?
DOCTOR: London 1903.
EVELYN: I think I know my history well enough to know that's a reasonably safe place to be.
(Thump, thump, Tardis engines.)
EVELYN: What's that?
DOCTOR: The Tardis doesn't seem to agree with you. She's trying to move again.
EVELYN: What's wrong?
DOCTOR: Well, she can't. For some reason she's stuck here.
(Tardis engines stutter. Loud alarms.)
EVELYN: Now what?
DOCTOR: She's trying to move away. The effort is tearing the ship apart!
EVELYN: Doctor, the doors! They can't decide whether to stay open or closed.
DOCTOR: Get out, Evelyn!
EVELYN: But if the Tardis doesn't like what's out there
DOCTOR: Safer than staying in here. (distorting) I'll try to get the Tardis to stabilise.
EVELYN: (distorting) I'm not leaving without you.
DOCTOR: She's trying to materialise in two places at once! What on Earth are you playing at, old girl?
EVELYN: Doctor!

(Tardis materialises, door opens and closes.)
EVELYN: Doctor! The door's shut again. Doctor!
(Door opens.)
DOCTOR: I'm here, Evelyn.
EVELYN: Oh, are you all right, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Hmm? Oh, sorry. Yes, thank you. I was just trying to work out where we are.
EVELYN: Oh Doctor, a moment ago you said we were in great danger.
DOCTOR: Oh, that was then, this is now. Whatever was wrong, it seems to have stopped. You've got to learn to let go of the past, Evelyn. Put it in some perspective.
EVELYN: But back there you said
DOCTOR: You know, I think we're in a chapel.
EVELYN: It's hard to tell in this light.
DOCTOR: See the altar over there?
EVELYN: Could be a church.
DOCTOR: No, I don't think so. This is a room within a larger building. You can hear from the acoustics we're at least twelve feet off ground level.
EVELYN: (laughs) Clever clogs.
DOCTOR: Making the most of the clues given to me. It's hard to be more specific.
EVELYN: It's the Chapel of Saint John the Evangelist in the Tower of London.
DOCTOR: Well, that's pretty specific. How could you tell that?
EVELYN: Oh, the age of the stones, the vaulted ceiling, and there's an information plaque here.
DOCTOR: That's cheating.
EVELYN: Merely making the most of the clues given to me. Not my fault it's a whopping big clue. So, we're in the Tower. Again.
DOCTOR: And a perfect illustration of what I was saying. It's all changed so much since we were last here. Back in Queen Mary's reign it was still a place of torture and execution, but by 1903 history has smoothed over the rough edges. A few soldiers are stationed here, but already it's become an attraction for tourists. No longer standing to inspire fear, just offer a good day out for the kids.
EVELYN: I think there's another clue you're missing, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Oh?
EVELYN: The plaque. It's covered in dust. No tourist has been here for ages.
DOCTOR: That is odd. Well done, Evelyn.
EVELYN: Perhaps we've arrived off-season.
DOCTOR: Maybe. The dust is very thick, though. I'll need a torch from the Tardis to read through this lot. Back in a tick.
EVELYN: You're sure it's safe to go back in there?
DOCTOR: Oh yes, everything's quite all right now.
(The Tardis dematerialises.)
EVELYN: Where's it gone? Doctor?
DOCTOR: (faint) Evelyn.
(Sounds of people shouting, weapons fire.)

DOCTOR: Evelyn!
EVELYN: Doctor, are you all right?
DOCTOR: Did you hear it?
EVELYN: Hear what?
DOCTOR: We've been here before.
EVELYN: The reign of Queen Mary.
DOCTOR: No, not then, Evelyn. I was wrong. We're in the most terrible danger. I, I
EVELYN: Doctor!
(Thud.)

NIGEL: Can't.
MIRIAM: Shan't.
NIGEL: Won't.
MIRIAM: Wouldn't.
NIGEL: Shouldn't.
MIRIAM: (laughs) Mustn't. Mustn't.
(Both laugh.)
MIRIAM: Nigel, I do so love it when you're being rebellious.
NIGEL: If we cannot be rebellious from time to time, who can be?
MIRIAM: You are so right, my darling. We have earned it, after all.
NIGEL: But even between ourselves, only the barest modicum of rebellion can be tolerated.
MIRIAM: Oh, yes, darling. Whatever you say.
NIGEL: That's capital, then. Quite capital. You must get some rest, Miriam. It's a long day tomorrow.
MIRIAM: Yes, a long, glorious day. A long, glorious, exciting, wonderful, marvellous
NIGEL: (stern) Miriam, that is enough.
MIRIAM: Isn't it.
NIGEL: (angry) Yes. (thump) Only the barest modicum, remember.
MIRIAM: Yes, darling. Yes.
NIGEL: I shall stay up. There are affairs of state to attend to.
MIRIAM: Things quite over a woman's head like mine.
NIGEL: Indeed.
MIRIAM: Oh, Nigel, when you are like this, I do not know, it makes me think back to those days when we first married. We were in love, were we not? I love you, Nigel.
NIGEL: Get some beauty sleep. We both know that you need it.
MIRIAM: I certainly do. I am frightfully ugly, darling.
NIGEL: Frightfully. Goodnight, Miriam. Sleep tight. (kiss) Take care the Daleks don't bite.

LAMB: Halt. Who goes there?
FARROW: Commander Farrow. My papers are in order.
LAMB: Yes, sir. Pass.
FARROW: Very good, Mister Lamb. That seemed very efficient. You put a lot of effort into that.
LAMB: Precious little else to do. These night shifts are so boring, the odd bit of efficiency livens up the job no end.
FARROW: Yes, you have broken the illusion now. You know that, do you not?
LAMB: Yes, sir. Oops.
FARROW: And how is the prisoner?
LAMB: Well, seems the same as ever. I mean, he has not spoken for over thirty years. It is a little hard to tell.
FARROW: Orders from the President. You are to help me.
LAMB: With what?
FARROW: He wants our friend chatting away nineteen to the dozen in time for the Jubilee celebrations.
LAMB: By the morning? Impossible.
FARROW: Nevertheless, it is something we shall have to achieve. The President was very insistent. Come on, Lamb. You said your shift could do with a little livening up, did you not?
LAMB: Can we do what we like to him, sir? I mean, really hurt him?
FARROW: Anything we like, so long as we get him talking somehow.
LAMB: I shall turn on the magnetic field.
(Click, click, rumble, beeps.)
LAMB: There.

FARROW: Was that really necessary?
LAMB: Oh yes.
(Heavy door opens, footsteps, heavy door closes.)
LAMB: Well, there he is. Are you all right, sir?
FARROW: Even after what we've done to him, you have to admit he is an awesome sight.
LAMB: You would not say that, sir, if you were the one who had to clean up when he bleeds.
FARROW: You have no poetry to you, Lamb. Ahem. The President desires that you should talk. He does not mind what you say. He does not care whether you produce apologies or threats. He just wants you to speak, to say anything at all. Know that if you do not cooperate, if you refuse to do as the President demands, that we are authorised to use extreme force. For a hundred years we have studied you. We know how to inflict pain. Talk now, and allow us to be humane. (silence) Nothing.
LAMB: No surprises there, then.
FARROW: It is the form of the thing, Lamb.
LAMB: Yes, sir. Well, shall we get to it, then?
FARROW: Yes. Yes, I suppose so.
(Electric saw starts up.)

(Slapping face.)
EVELYN: Doctor, please, wake up.
DOCTOR: (weak) Evelyn? Is that really you? I thought I'd never see you again.
EVELYN: Doctor, what are you talking about?
DOCTOR: After so many years. My poor Evelyn. (strong) How long was I out for?
EVELYN: Just a few minutes. Are you all right? You said we were in the most terrible danger, then just passed out.
DOCTOR: Oh, I don't remember any of that. Well, I wouldn't take it too seriously. I do get awfully melodramatic during my occasional fainting fits.
EVELYN: What about the Tardis?
DOCTOR: Oh, yes. Well, I dare say she can't be far. She was trying to materialise in two places at once. She must have gone to the other. They have to be close together or we really would have been torn apart.
(Footsteps.)
EVELYN: Doctor, I hate to say this, but I think I may have found her.
DOCTOR: Oh, well done, Evelyn. Where?
EVELYN: Come over here. The stained glass window.
DOCTOR: I won't be able to see through that.
EVELYN: No, not through it, at it. I suppose it could be a coincidence?
DOCTOR: Ah, the image of a blue box on a green hill. I think it may not be so much where the Tardis went but when. She certainly made an impression.
EVELYN: I'm no expert on art, but I know what I like, and I don't like this.
DOCTOR: It's all very elaborate. Look how the hill is being torn apart, and all the flashes of red. Flecks of red glass everywhere.
EVELYN: Symbolising what, blood? War?
DOCTOR: I think we'd better explore. And what I said before I fainted.
EVELYN: Yes?
DOCTOR: Let's assume I knew what I was talking about.

US PRIME MINISTER [OC]: And so, in conclusion, Mister President, on behalf of all the America peoples, I should like to offer heartfelt congratulations. We only wish that we could be with you, standing shoulder to shoulder, on this your Jubilee day.
NIGEL: What, all of you?
US PRIME MINISTER [OC]: Er, yes.
NIGEL: That would be a bit of a squeeze, would it not? There are an awful lot of you.
(Nervous laughter.)
US PRIME MINISTER [OC]: The American peoples have nothing but love for England, from whence our seed sprung. You are our father, our protector, our rock, and we wish you nothing but happiness.
NIGEL: Is that it?
US PRIME MINISTER [OC]: I hope it was all right.
NIGEL: Oh yes, capital. Quite capital. You learned the whole thing, did you not? I did not see you look down at your notes once.
US PRIME MINISTER [OC]: I put in a lot of practice.

NIGEL: And it showed. Well done. I especially liked the bit about the seed. That was very funny. Less taken with the shoulder to shoulder thing. I mean, I'm hardly going to want to get my shoulder anywhere near touching distance of you, am I?
US PRIME MINISTER [OC]: It was a wholly metaphorical shoulder, sir. I would not dream of suggesting that any physical contact
NIGEL: Enough of this. You have got a present for me, I assume?
US PRIME MINISTER [OC]: Oh, yes sir. Just a little something. It will arrive in the morning.
NIGEL: I hope it is a very little something. (laughs)
MIRIAM [OC]: Nigel, darling, are you in here?
NIGEL: What are you doing up, Miriam? I put you to bed.
MIRIAM: Oh, I know, but I tried and tried to sleep, you know. I furrowed up my forehead and really worked at it. I'm just too excited. The thought of all those street parties and all that coloured bunting. Oh, it is just too thrilling for words. Are you doing anything important?
NIGEL: Just talking to the Prime Minister of America.
US PRIME MINISTER [OC]: Hello, Madam President.
MIRIAM: Oh, hello. What is this one's name, darling?
NIGEL: Do you know, I cannot remember.
MIRIAM: Hello, out there. Are you looking forward to the Jubilee?
US PRIME MINISTER [OC]: Yes, madam. We have a huge firework display in its honour.
MIRIAM: I hope you have lots of bunting in the street. Coloured bunting, there's nothing like it.
US PRIME MINISTER [OC]: Indeed we have, madam.
MIRIAM: I love bunting. Hang it just right and it is even better than fireworks. The colours never fade, and it is a lot less noisy.
NIGEL: Back to bed, Miriam. Excited or not, you need your sleep.
MIRIAM: Yes, beauty sleep for the ceremony tomorrow. I need to look as beautiful as I can, and let us be honest, I never look *that* beautiful even with half a gallon of cosmetics smeared over my face.
US PRIME MINISTER [OC]: If you will permit me to say, Madam President, the American peoples all find you to be the very definition of beauty.
MIRIAM: The thing is, I do not like the Americans very much
US PRIME MINISTER [OC]: If I have caused offence, I
MIRIAM: Hear me out. You see, you look the same as us, and you have the same language as us, but then you open your mouths and that awful accent pops out and we realise you are not actually like us at all.
US PRIME MINISTER [OC]: Madam, I do assure you
MIRIAM: It is all to deceive us, the way you pretend to be from good Anglo-Saxon stock. Why would I give a fig for the opinion of the American peoples, when even by your physical appearance you are nothing but shameless liars?
US PRIME MINISTER [OC]: My family were English. My grandfather was at the head of the army that put down the American revolt of 1943.
NIGEL: You can see why we make sure no one who leaves England can return. Listen to yourself. You have gone native.
US PRIME MINISTER [OC]: Yes sir, to my shame. I wish one day I could see England for myself.
MIRIAM: Well, you can forget that. We have to keep the English race pure.
NIGEL: My wife is right. Purity is all.

(Sound of drilling.)
FARROW: Just say something, damn you, just one word. Do you think we enjoy doing this to you?
(Drilling stops.)
LAMB: Sir, maybe it is not able to. Maybe it's tongue has atrophied.
FARROW: It does not have a tongue.
LAMB: Or whatever it has. Maybe after all these years, whatever bit used to do the talking, it sort of rotted, you know, and fell off.
FARROW: No, it can talk, if it wants to. What is it? Is it pride, huh? You're the last of your kind and you belong to us. Our toy. We can play with you gently or play with you until you break. You have no right to pride. You know you are to die tomorrow.
LAMB: Sir, that is classified!
FARROW: Be quiet. It is an intelligent creature. Of course it knows. Are you really going to die without a final word? When we take you to Tower Hill tomorrow, is there not one thing you want to say to the world? Lamb, leave us for a moment.
LAMB: Sir, it is not safe. The prisoner, it might *look* dead, but there is no way any of the lads would be

in here with it on our own.
FARROW: You can wait outside the door.
LAMB: Yes, sir.
(Door opens and closes.)
FARROW: (softly) Listen to me. It has not got to be like this. There are people out there, important people, we want to help you, if you help us. Just one word of a sentence, just any word at all to show me you understand. I could not care less whether the President has you ready as a talking doll for his Jubilee, so I have hardly tortured you at all. But now I need you to say something, and I can make things much worse for you. Our scientists recently have identified your optic nerve. With this knife, I can slice it open. You will still be able to see, you will not be able to stop seeing, but every image will cause you excruciating pain. Like it or not, you will be my ally. Good friends, you and I. When we stand side by side looking out of the niche in the wall, I would prefer it if the view was not agony to you. But you leave me no choice.

(An owl screeches.)
EVELYN: It's like Santa's grotto.
DOCTOR: Yes, a bit too garish for my taste.
EVELYN: Fairy lights, the bunting everywhere, coloured ribbons. Do you think it could be Christmas?
DOCTOR: There's decorations and decorations. This many, it looks as if you're trying to smother whatever's hidden underneath.
EVELYN: That's a very grim way of putting it.
DOCTOR: There's something very odd here. A White Tower that's purple and orange and bright lime green?
EVELYN: Doctor, what's that up there? That metal box.
DOCTOR: I don't know. Looks like an entire room.
EVELYN: Just rammed onto the side of the Tower wall. Do you think it could be another decoration?
DOCTOR: Looks pretty permanent to me, and a bit too functional. Come on. I think we should try and find out what its function is.
EVELYN: Right.
DOCTOR: Stealthily. I've got a bad feeling about this.
(Metallic scream.)
EVELYN: Doctor, what's that?
DOCTOR: It's coming from that metal room. Come on!
EVELYN: I thought you said stealthily.
DOCTOR: Something is in the most terrible pain. No time for stealth.

MIRIAM: Oh! Oh, Nigel darling, what is that terrible noise?
NIGEL: Ah, the Jubilee celebrations have begun at last. Bwahahahahahaha!

FARROW: Argh!
LAMB: What's wrong, sir?
FARROW: It's skin, it's grown over my hand. Do you understand? It won't let me go!
LAMB: What do I do?
FARROW: Don't pull me, you idiot. Cut me out. It's burning me. Quickly!
(Slash, gurgle, gasps of relief.)
LAMB: What happened?
FARROW: I got too close. I shall be more careful in the future.
LAMB: At least you got it to scream. I mean, that must be a step in the right direction.
FARROW: If it were a scream. It might just have been laughing at me.
(Thumping on door.)
LAMB: We must have disturbed the relief guard.
FARROW: Get rid of them, then, oaf!
LAMB: Right, sir.
(Door opens and closes.)
DOCTOR: Hello. I was wondering if you were aware that something in there is suffering terribly.
LAMB: Intruders! Hands up.
DOCTOR: Of course, it could be that you're fully aware because you're causing the suffering in the first place.
LAMB: Shut up!
EVELYN: Judging by the way he's pointing that gun at us, I'd say that isn't unlikely.

LAMB: Stop doing that. It is illegal.
DOCTOR: What's illegal?
LAMB: You know very well. You contracted your words.
DOCTOR: No, I didn't.
LAMB: You did!
EVELYN: We didn't know we couldn't.
LAMB: Stop it. You're doing it, you *are* doing it again. You are making me do it now.
EVELYN: It's illegal to say didn't, or isn't? That's ridiculous.
DOCTOR: And irrelevant. Listen to me, whoever you are. There is a creature behind that door in great distress. I do hope you have nothing to do with that, and that you are going to put down that gun right now and allow me to help it, hmm? What'd you say? How about defying predictability for once?
LAMB: Who are you?
DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor.
(Door opens and closes.)
FARROW: Lamb, what is going on here? Who are these people?
DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor, and this is my friend Evelyn Smythe. And you are?
LAMB: You hear? He said he was the Doctor.
EVELYN: He *is* the Doctor.
LAMB: Sir, what shall I do with them? Sir?
FARROW: Guard them.
(Footsteps, comm activated.)
NIGEL [OC]: What is it, Farrow? Has the prisoner talked yet?
FARROW: No, sir. A couple of strangers have turned up. One of them calls himself the Doctor.
NIGEL [OC]: This close to the Jubilee, everyone is crawling out of the woodwork claiming to be the Doctor, like they have some bizarre death wish. Why bother me about it?
FARROW: I think you might like to see him, President.
NIGEL [OC]: Certainly not. Lock them up. Shoot them dead. Whatever you want. I am busy.
FARROW: But it is what he is wearing. A patchwork coat of many colours. How could he know?
NIGEL [OC]: Very well, bring him.
(Comm ends. Footsteps.)
LAMB: Do I kill them, sir?
FARROW: No. They have an audience with the President.
DOCTOR: Ooo, really? The President of what, may I ask? We don't just see any old President, do we, Evelyn?
EVELYN: Certainly not. We've got standards.
FARROW: His Excellence in Perpetuity, the President of the English Empire. Now get moving.

MIRIAM: Please let me stay and see the prisoners. Oh, may I, may I, may I?
NIGEL: You will just get over-excited and unable to sleep, and will be all grouchy in the morning.
MIRIAM: Please, Nigel. I shall not ask for anything else, really I shall not.
NIGEL: All right. It can be your Jubilee present.
MIRIAM: Oh, thank you, darling.
NIGEL: But I get to interrogate them.
(Knock on door.)
NIGEL: Come.
(Door opens.)
LAMB: Get in there.
MIRIAM: Oh, I like his coat. As pretty as coloured bunting.
FARROW: You too, inside.
EVELYN: All right, all right.
(Door closes.)
NIGEL: Really, there is no need to be so rough with our guests. This is the Doctor, after all.
DOCTOR: Yes. I'm the Doctor
(Gasps.)
LAMB: I shall not tell you again. I am sorry. He has been contracting his words left, right, and centre, sir.
NIGEL: And why should he not? If this is the Doctor, what matter rules to him? Why, he can break just as many as he likes. Contract away, Doctor. Knock yourself out.
DOCTOR: Oh, well, thank you.
NIGEL: Not at all. It is we who should be thanking you. After all, without the Doctor, where would we

be now? Well, Lamb?
LAMB: Dead, sir?
NIGEL: That is right. What do you think, Farrow?
FARROW: Dead.
NIGEL: Dead. So, there you are. Please, you and Miss Smythe, do sit down.
EVELYN: Don't mind if I do.
NIGEL: Ah, Doctor, take the President's chair. I insist.
MIRIAM: Deader than the deadest things ever.
NIGEL: Shut up, Miriam. Doctor, my chair. In fact, take everything the President owns. How about the President's wife? She is not very good-looking, but go on, go on. You deserve it. If you are the Doctor.
DOCTOR: I prefer to stand.
NIGEL: Oh yes, of course. Ready to leap into action and save us all. Oh, very heroic, Doctor. Well, I cannot tell you how good it is to see you turning up out of the blue like this to join us for our Jubilee. (laughs) Quite capital. Tell me, Doctor. How did you find out about the coat?
DOCTOR: I beg your pardon?
NIGEL: Lamb?
LAMB: Yes, sir.
NIGEL: The woman. Exterminate her.
LAMB: Yes, sir.
EVELYN: Doctor.
DOCTOR: What are you doing?
NIGEL: I asked a simple question. I do expect a simple answer. Who told you about the coat?
DOCTOR: I have always worn this coat.
EVELYN: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Where I come from, it's the height of sartorial elegance.
EVELYN: This man's going to kill me!
FARROW: It is classified information. In all our official histories of the Doctor, we have him dressed in something better. We always found the truth too embarrassing.
NIGEL: So when the imposters show up, and show up they do, they are dressed like the Doctor in the movies. But you are an imposter, Doctor. I do not believe in you.
EVELYN: I don't know what you're talking about, but this *is* the Doctor.
NIGEL: Pah! This is the man who saved the Earth? This is the man to whom we owe our lives? Rubbish! Say who you are, Doctor, and I may spare your friend's life.
DOCTOR: I don't pretend to know what's going on here. You can kill us both, I can't stop you, but it won't change the facts. I am the Doctor.
LAMB: Sir, do I kill her or not?
NIGEL: Er, no. Take them. Take them both. I have a better way to solve this mystery.
DOCTOR: Ow! Take you
LAMB: This way.
DOCTOR: Oh, for Heaven's sake.
(Door opens and shuts.)
MIRIAM: (sotto) Farrow, we have to talk. What progress have you made?
FARROW: (sotto) Not yet. I shall find you later.
MIRIAM: (sotto) We have to do it now. I cannot stand it any longer.
FARROW: (sotto) He hit you.
MIRIAM: (sotto) He did not break the skin.
(Door opens.)
NIGEL: Farrow, we expect your attendance.
FARROW: Yes, sir.
MIRIAM: Can I come, darling? If it is going to be a little party
NIGEL: Oh, very well. Farrow, bring her with you. And get a move on!
(Door shuts.)
FARROW: We shall end this today, I promise you.

(Walking.)
DOCTOR: There's just one thing that bothers me, Evelyn.
EVELYN: Just one thing?
DOCTOR: This Rochester, why is he so frightened of me?
EVELYN: I haven't the foggiest. It's not as if we've got guns pointing at him.
LAMB: Quiet, you two.

MIRIAM: Oh, are we there at last?
NIGEL: Lamb, open the door.
(Heavy door slides open.)
NIGEL: Doctor, would you be so kind as to step inside.
DOCTOR: Why, what's in there?
NIGEL: A chance, just a slim chance, that you can prove you are who you say you are.
EVELYN: Doctor?
DOCTOR: I'll be all right.
(Footsteps.)
DOCTOR: I can't see a thing.
FARROW: The prisoner prefers the darkness.
NIGEL: I think for once we should oblige it.
(Door slides shut.)
LAMB: There is an access panel. We can watch from here.
EVELYN: What's in there? Tell me.
LAMB: The magnetic field keeps the prisoner fixed to the floor. I shall now turn it off and allow it free movement.
(Alarm sounds.)
EVELYN: He *is* the Doctor. There's no need for this.
NIGEL: We shall soon see whether he is just another fake we have to execute, or the saviour of us all.
MIRIAM: Dear oh dear, it really is terribly exciting.

DOCTOR: Hello? Is there anybody in here?
(Gurgling noise.)
DOCTOR: Who are you? I heard you cry out in pain. Can I help you? Speak to me.
(Sliding metal, gurgles.)
DALEK: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Oh no!
DALEK: Doctor. You are an enemy of the Daleks. You are to be exterminated!
DOCTOR: No, wait!
DALEK: Exterminate! Exterminate!

[Part Two]

DOCTOR: But you can't, can you? You can't hurt me at all.
DALEK: Keep back. Keep away from me.
DOCTOR: Or what? How are you going to stop me?
EVELYN: Get him out of there.
FARROW: Interesting how even without a gun it's first instinct is still to kill.
NIGEL: So it is the Doctor. But that is impossible.
EVELYN: You said you wanted proof, well there it is.
LAMB: What do you want me to do, sir?
NIGEL: Er
MIRIAM: Darling?
NIGEL: Well, since he is the Doctor, we had better release him, had we not?

DOCTOR: What is it you're doing here? Just what is it you want? My word, what have they done to you?
(Door opens.)
FARROW: You are free to leave.
DOCTOR: Hmm? In a moment. You've broken through the outer casing. Why? What are you doing to it?
FARROW: Doctor, the President is waiting.

NIGEL: Doctor, welcome back.
DOCTOR: Perhaps you could explain to me what is going on here.
NIGEL: I am so sorry. An unfortunate misunderstanding. We get so many people pretending to be you, we had to be sure.
EVELYN: By trapping him with a Dalek?

FARROW: You can see yourself the Dalek is not armed. The Doctor was in no real danger.
DOCTOR: If you even knew the first thing about Daleks, you would understand it doesn't matter if it has a gun or not. It is entirely inimical to human life. It will kill us all, given the slightest opportunity.
FARROW: It has been locked in there for a hundred years, and in that time has not killed anybody.
LAMB: Not strictly true, sir. We have had five casualties.
MIRIAM: Were they anyone important?
LAMB: Er, no, madam.
MIRIAM: So, practically no casualties, then.
DOCTOR: Listen to me. I've no idea what you are doing here, but whatever it is, it is ridiculously dangerous. You have to destroy that Dalek.
NIGEL: Well, of course we will, Doctor. In fact, we are going to blow it up at noon tomorrow.
EVELYN: You are?
DOCTOR: Oh. Good.
NIGEL: Come, Doctor, Miss Smythe, let me explain and offer you some refreshments. Miriam, Lamb, you accompany us.
FARROW: I shall continue my work here.
NIGEL: With any luck, Farrow, you might find progress easier now, thanks to the Doctor.

FARROW: So, you can talk. I knew you could. Talk to me.
DALEK: What do you want of me?

NIGEL: Doctor, Miss Smythe. Now, what can Lamb get you to drink? Tend to the drinks cabinet, Lamb.
LAMB: Yes, sir.
DOCTOR: We haven't got time to waste on social niceties.
EVELYN: Not if you have Daleks here.
NIGEL: Not Daleks, a Dalek.
MIRIAM: We have destroyed all the others.
DOCTOR: I sincerely doubt that.
NIGEL: We did have another one. My grandfather executed it on the fiftieth anniversary. Ah, thank you, Lamb.
(Drink poured.)
NIGEL: Just to keep the crowds happy. The English peoples are a pretty bloodthirsty bunch.
MIRIAM: (laughs) Which is why we always come out best.
EVELYN: And tomorrow you execute the other.
MIRIAM: At noon precisely. And then we have lots of street parties and firework displays.
NIGEL + MIRIAM: It is going to be lovely!
NIGEL: All in honour of you, Doctor, naturally.
DOCTOR: And why would that be?
MIRIAM: Oh, come now. You know what you did for us. Even I know, and I am just a woman.
NIGEL: A hundred years ago, we were invaded. We had nothing to protect us from the Daleks. And then you arrived, in your Tardis.
DOCTOR: I did, did I? Well, that was very lucky, wasn't it?
NIGEL: And Evelyn Smythe, of course, your beautiful assistant.
EVELYN: Oh, good. I was wondering where I'd got to.
MIRIAM: I always liked Evelyn best. When I was a girl, I wanted to grow up to be just like her.
NIGEL: Without you, Doctor, leading my ancestors into battle, there could be no Jubilee tomorrow. (Churchillian) Our noble destiny would have been forfeit. But instead we have a world free of evil. A better world, a braver England, a land of heroes only fit to be enjoyed by heroes. (Miriam applauds.) Thank you, Miriam.
EVELYN: I hate to rain on your parade, but this is the first we've heard of it, isn't it, Doctor? Doctor?
DOCTOR: (distracted) Yes. Yes. Yes, I think so.
NIGEL: You travel in a time machine, do you not? Maybe you visit 1903 and save us from the Daleks later.
MIRIAM: (laughs) Oh dear, that gives me a headache.
EVELYN: Doctor, could it be that way?
DOCTOR: I don't know. I, it's just I, I seem to remember something. Oh. Oh. Ah!
(Shouting and Daleks saying exterminate.)
EVELYN: Doctor! Doctor!

FARROW: Help me and you shall have your freedom. I will save your life.
DALEK: Do not offer what you cannot give.
FARROW: Soon I will have the power to do anything I want.
DALEK: Power? You are not a powerful man. You lack the ruthlessness you need.
FARROW: Then show me! Show me what I must do!
DALEK: I do not want my freedom or my life.
FARROW: Then what do you want?
DALEK: The Doctor. Bring him to me, and I will teach you all about power.

EVELYN: Doctor, are you all right?
DOCTOR: I'm sorry. It's getting to be a habit.
NIGEL: Here, drink this. It will make you feel better.
DOCTOR: Thank you. (gulp) It was closer this time. I could feel the heat of the explosions on my face. I was there. What is this black liquid I'm drinking?
MIRIAM: Do you like it?
DOCTOR: No, not really. Doesn't taste of anything much.
MIRIAM: It is an extremely rare delicacy. We call it Dalek juice.
EVELYN: Dalek juice?
DOCTOR: What?
LAMB: We electrify the magnetic floor on which the Dalek sits. When the creature inside starts to boil, this black fluid runs off its body.
DOCTOR: And you collect it and bottle it?
LAMB: We do not get very much, and it is months before the Dalek recovers sufficiently for us to boil it again.
NIGEL: That is why it is a delicacy.
EVELYN: It's obscene.
NIGEL: When we swallow our Dalek juice, we swallow a bit of them. It is the drink of victors.
DOCTOR: And who would have guessed that victory could be so tasteless.
(Glass breaks.)
MIRIAM: No!
NIGEL: Never mind, Miriam. We have plenty left.
MIRIAM: We wanted to give you the best. Better that than we palm you off with Dalekade, or Dalek squash.
EVELYN: Why? What's in that?
MIRIAM: Just ordinary lemonade or squash, with a picture of a Dalek slapped on the bottle.
NIGEL: Anything with a Dalek on sells millions, especially in the Jubilee year. I suppose I should exercise some quality control.
MIRIAM: But it only demonstrates how much the English peoples love their heritage.
EVELYN: You've taken something which is wholly evil and merchandised it?
NIGEL: Privilege of the conqueror, I should have thought.
DOCTOR: Quite right. You've got to see it from their point of view, Evelyn. What good are Daleks now? Might as well have some use out of them. Get them to sell toothpaste, soap.
MIRIAM: Everyone needs toothpaste and soap.
DOCTOR: Mmm. I imagine you have Dalek films, don't you? Dalek sit-coms. Oh, I hope you have Dalek theme parks with loop-the-loop Dalek roller-coasters in them?
NIGEL: We do indeed.
DOCTOR: Ah.
NIGEL: The children have got to have their fun, have they not?
DOCTOR: And if they can learn of the superiority of their race at the same time
NIGEL: Quite so! Quite so. Entertaining, lucrative, and instructive. You shall see at the Jubilee tomorrow, when you both stand by my side as guests of honour.
EVELYN: Nothing would induce me to
DOCTOR: We should be delighted.
EVELYN: Doctor!
MIRIAM: I do not think the Daleks were ever that bad anyway. I rather like our prisoner. Better him than the one we keep in the Bloody Tower.
NIGEL: Miriam!
MIRIAM: The thought of him sitting there in that wheelchair of his. Oh, it quite gives me the creeps.
NIGEL: Miriam, our guests do not want to know about that.
DOCTOR: I don't mind. What prisoner is this? (silence) Oh well, I'm sure it's none of my business.

NIGEL: It is high time the ladies were in bed. But I would like to talk some more with you, Doctor.
EVELYN: I'm not going to bed yet.
MIRIAM: Oh, yes. The law says all women must be in bed by midnight, for our own good. We need our beauty sleep.
NIGEL: Yes. Lamb will show you your room, Miss Smythe.
LAMB: Sir.
DOCTOR: I'll go with her, just to say goodnight.
NIGEL: Capital! But you will come back soon, will you not, Doctor? I need you.
DOCTOR: Yes. Lead on, Lamb.
(Door opens and shuts.)
MIRIAM: (yawns) Well, goodnight, darling. What an exciting night, to be sure. I shall not sleep for all the thoughts buzzing round my silly little head.
NIGEL: Miriam.
MIRIAM: Yes, darling?
NIGEL: It seems to me that you are behaving more stupidly than usual. Is everything quite all right?
MIRIAM: Yes, darling. Yes, it is just
NIGEL: The excitement.
MIRIAM: The excitement, yes.
NIGEL: The excitement of the Jubilee?
MIRIAM: The big day.
NIGEL: All the street parties and the coloured bunting?
MIRIAM: Yes. You know how much I enjoy the coloured bunting.
NIGEL: Sometime, Miriam, I think you are almost *too* stupid to be true. That it is all a deception.
MIRIAM: No, I swear it. I really am stupid.
NIGEL: But then I look into that face of yours. That piggy little face with those dull, flat eyes, thin pasty lips, and I cannot see a spark of intellect at all. Not a jot of it.
MIRIAM: No, darling. I am just the little woman.
NIGEL: Hmm. Be careful. I am fond of you really. I would hate you to go the way of my first wife.
MIRIAM: Yes. Poor Pauline.
NIGEL: Poor Pauline indeed. Goodnight, Miriam.

LAMB: This is your room, madam.
EVELYN: Thank you.
LAMB: It is not my place to say, I am only a soldier, but, if you really are the Doctor
DOCTOR: I am.
LAMB: Then, thank you. For all that you have done. For saving us all.
DOCTOR: Well, I appreciate that, Mister Lamb. Look, perhaps you can tell us. What is really going on here?
LAMB: I am only a soldier. It is not my place.
(Leaves, closing the door.)
DOCTOR: Oh well. A four-poster bed. However oddly they receive their guests here, at least the accommodation is up to scratch.
(Tests the mattress.)
EVELYN: I can't believe you can accept all this. It's disgusting.
DOCTOR: Yes. Yes, of course it is. But this is what history does. The winning side distorts their enemy, belittles them and mocks them for fun.
EVELYN: Not like this. Never like this.
DOCTOR: What the people here have done to the Daleks is not so very different to what yours did to the Nazis. The token villains of war movies and spy novels.
EVELYN: And you excuse them for that?
DOCTOR: Oh no. The word you used was, I think, obscene. An entire culture based on hatred and humiliation.
EVELYN: But how did this happen? We defeated the Daleks. Or, we're going to defeat the Daleks. I can't work it out. And by doing so, we create this.
DOCTOR: At least we know where the Tardis went now. Or rather, when. I said it couldn't have gone far, but I was thinking spatially rather than temporally.
EVELYN: But that makes no sense. Does it? In 1903, the Tardis arrives just in time to thwart a Dalek invasion, with us inside. But we're not, are we.
DOCTOR: That's what I'm afraid of. I rather think we are.
EVELYN: But that's impossible. We got out of the Tardis here, a hundred years later.

DOCTOR: I was there, Evelyn. I smelt the war. I saw those deaths. It wasn't my past, it was my present. Our present. Yours and mine. We're in 1903 at this very moment.
EVELYN: So how can we be here as well?
DOCTOR: I don't know. Something devastating happened in 1903. We can see the evidence of it. The whole hundred years of history wiped out. The Tardis could sense that. It didn't want to land. but it had to. And we slid right down the crack in Time it created.
EVELYN: So how do we fix it?
DOCTOR: Perhaps we can't. It's already happened. It's happening at this very moment. Past and present all meshed together.
EVELYN: Maybe the Dalek is responsible?
DOCTOR: Well, whatever it's planning, I can't quite believe it's going to sit idly by and allow itself to be destroyed tomorrow. I'd better get back to Rochester, see what I can learn from him.
EVELYN: And I can go and talk to the Dalek.
DOCTOR: No! You mustn't do that.
EVELYN: Doctor, it isn't armed. It can't hurt me.
DOCTOR: It doesn't need a gun. Evelyn. If it gets inside your head
EVELYN: Isn't it worth the risk?
DOCTOR: No. Please, Evelyn, for once.
EVELYN: You think I should just lie back and get my beauty sleep?
DOCTOR: Well, you needn't worry about the beauty part. The situation here is very dangerous. It would make me feel a whole lot better if I knew you were safe.
EVELYN: Well, it is a four-poster bed, after all.
DOCTOR: Oh, you never know. Henry the Eighth probably slept in it.
EVELYN: Good luck, Doctor. And take care of yourself.
(Door opens and shuts.)
EVELYN: I'm sorry, Henry. The bed does look very inviting. And I'm sorry too, Doctor, but I can't just do nothing.
(Door creaks open.)
EVELYN: The coast is clear.

DOCTOR: A very impressive collection, Rochester. Anti-gravitators, voltoscopes. I particularly liked the vortex magnatron.
NIGEL: There are Dalek museums, of course, but these artefacts are quite priceless.
DOCTOR: Well, of course some people would say, I don't know, off the top of my head, these are the remnants of an alien technology more dangerous than you could conceive, and keeping them intact is risking the lives of everyone on this planet.
NIGEL: But not you.
DOCTOR: Oh, no. Well, as I say, the vortex magnatron is splendid.
(Heavy door opens. Outside.)
NIGEL: Then I'm sure you will enjoy this. Up here on the roof is where I keep my fondest possession. Do you recognise it, Doctor?
DOCTOR: A trans-solar disc. The Dalek's very particular form of aircraft.
NIGEL: Yes, they would fly about in them all over London, destroying our city, killing our people. Thanks to you, we learned how to track them and shoot them down. This is the last remaining one. It is beautiful, is it not?
DOCTOR: You must be very proud.
NIGEL: Get on board, Doctor.
DOCTOR: What, do you mean this still works?
NIGEL: Naturally. I keep my collection in pristine condition.
DOCTOR: And all the exhibits we've already seen?
NIGEL: We have learned to put Dalek technology to the best possible use. Please.
(Climb inside the disc.)
NIGEL: Let me give you a bird's eye view of a city in celebration.
(Takes off.)

EVELYN: Come on, Evelyn. With your Tudor history, you should know this place like the back of your hand. So this should be. (door opens and closes.) Now if I can just find the light. Ah. (click)
DALEK: What are you doing here?
DALEK 2: Why do you disturb our sleep?
EVELYN: Oh, desperately sorry. I was just leaving.

DALEK: Halt. You are a friend of President Rochester?
EVELYN: Well, maybe.
DALEK: All right, lads. Seems we are on duty.
EVELYN: What do you mean? What are you doing?
DALEKS:We are the Daleks, would you like to play with us? Would you like to play with us?
(Door closes.)
MIRIAM: No, no one wants to play with you now. Well past your bedtime. Go back to sleep.
DALEK: I obey. Goodnight.
DALEKS: Goodnight.
(They rumble away.)
MIRIAM: Are you quite all right, my dear? Not able to sleep either?
EVELYN: What on Earth was that about? Why didn't they kill us?
MIRIAM: Oh, they would not do anything as beastly as that. These are my husband's toys. He likes to play with them every day.
EVELYN: They don't look like toys.
MIRIAM: Sometimes I think he loves those Daleks more than he loves me.
EVELYN: Oh, I'm sure that isn't the case.
MIRIAM: You misunderstand. I *know* he loves them more than he loves me. What I mean is, sometimes I stop to think about it.
EVELYN: Oh.
MIRIAM: Just once in a while. Gives me a lovely bitter-sweet feeling.
EVELYN: Yes. I wonder if I could see a real Dalek?
MIRIAM: Well, it is strictly forbidden, you know.
EVELYN: Of course. I understand.
MIRIAM: But then, we are being quite naughty already, are we not? Staying up after midnight curfew. And we shall both be tired and cross in the morning. All right, I shall not tell if you shall not tell.
EVELYN: I promise.
MIRIAM: Come on, then. Breaking all these rules, it is so exciting. But it is Jubilee day, after all.

(Zooming about in mid-air.)
NIGEL: Impressive view, is it not?
DOCTOR: Well, it would be. All rubble and ruins. Is this what the Daleks did to London?
NIGEL: Oh no, my father did that.
DOCTOR: What?
NIGEL: He wanted to build a glittering new city from scratch, to be the very jewel of the Empire, give the English peoples somewhere silver and shiny, homes fit for heroes.
DOCTOR: So what went wrong?
NIGEL: Oh, he lost interest. You know, it happens.
DOCTOR: So why have you never rebuilt the houses he destroyed, given your people somewhere to live?
NIGEL: Well, architecture is not really my bag. But I am giving them a Jubilee celebration. That'll cheer them up.
DOCTOR: I am sure they'd prefer some decent housing.
NIGEL: (laughs) I do not think so. Ask the man in the street which he would rather, a roof over his head or a nice big public execution, he will always choose death. The English peoples like death, Doctor. It is our culture.

FARROW: You should be perfectly safe, but I shall be right outside if you need anything.
EVELYN: I'm sure that won't be necessary, thank you.
(Door opens.)
MIRIAM: Have fun, my dear.
(Door closes.)
FARROW: I told you it was the Doctor the Dalek wants, not this woman.
MIRIAM: The Doctor is with my husband. Maybe it will accept the next best thing.
FARROW: Well, we had better hope so, hadn't we?
MIRIAM: (gasp) Hadn't? (slap) How dare you talk to me like that.
FARROW: I am sorry.
MIRIAM: I accept you into my bed, I take you as my lover, but I will not allow you to contract words in front of me. You are not my consort yet.

EVELYN: Hello? Can you hear me? I know you can hear me. I need, I need to talk to you. Please?
DALEK: Have you come to kill me?
EVELYN: No! Of course I haven't.
DALEK: Have you come to inflict pain?
EVELYN: No.
DALEK: You would do better to keep me ignorant of your intentions. That is what I should do, were you my prisoner.
EVELYN: Well, I'm not, am I. I'm not. We defeated you, didn't we. Didn't we?
DALEK: Yes. And yet you are frightened of me, are you not? Answer!
EVELYN: Yes, you know I am.
DALEK: I cannot hurt you, and yet you fear me.
EVELYN: Yes.
DALEK: So, in a way, you are my prisoner. Did the Doctor sent you, Evelyn Smythe?
EVELYN: No, he doesn't know I'm here. You know who I am?
DALEK: You belong to the Doctor.
EVELYN: I don't *belong* to him. He's a friend.
DALEK: The Doctor has had many such friends. He leads them into battle against the Daleks. You are a soldier.
EVELYN: No!
DALEK: We are both soldiers. That is the Earth term. We both receive orders from our commanders, and kill each other accordingly. I know you, Evelyn Smythe. I know you. Do you still fear me?
EVELYN: Yes.
DALEK: And yet you still want to talk?
EVELYN: I need to ask you some questions.
DALEK: Turn off the magnetic field, allow me free movement.
EVELYN: I don't think I can do that.
DALEK: Then there will be no conversation.
(Footsteps, click, beeps. Metal on metal.)
DALEK: Stay where you are, Evelyn Smythe. Do not back away from me.
EVELYN: No. I will stand my ground.
DALEK: And now we can face each other as we talk, soldier to soldier.

NIGEL: Hold tight, Doctor. Coming in to land.
(Climbs out of disc.)
DOCTOR: Oh, there's no one about.
NIGEL: There is a curfew until the dawn, which suits my purposes. We should be far enough from the Tower here.
DOCTOR: Far enough for what? What are you doing?
NIGEL: Move away from the disc, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Why?
NIGEL: Because I do not want to destroy you and the disc.
DOCTOR: Oh, I quite understand. You don't want to damage your little collection, do you.
NIGEL: Move away now.
DOCTOR: But we can talk about this.
(Gunshot.)
NIGEL: Get down!
(More gunshots. KaBOOM!)
NIGEL: Are you all right, Doctor?
DOCTOR: You were firing at the disc? I thought the bullets were meant for me.
NIGEL: I think the disc may have been bugged. Oh, Doctor, it is a relief to be able to talk to you freely at last.
DOCTOR: I don't understand.
NIGEL: I must apologise. The way I have treated you ever since you arrived, you must have thought I was quite mad.
DOCTOR: Borderline psychopath, certainly. You mean it was all an act?
NIGEL: Everywhere in the Tower is bugged. Cameras, listening devices. *He* does not think I know, but I do, you see, I do, I do. He does not suspect me because I act so well, do I not, Doctor? I have to play the tyrant, the ruthless dictator or else he will kill me.
DOCTOR: Who'll kill you? What are you talking about?
NIGEL: Shush, shush.

DOCTOR: What?
NIGEL: The Dalek, of course. He knows, you see. He knows.

DALEK: I have received many visitors, all wishing to talk to their Dalek captive.
EVELYN: But you've not spoken for thirty years.
DALEK: They all asked the same questions, why I wish to conquer and destroy, and then they can conquer more effectively. Two questions, always why and how. But you will not ask those questions, will you, Evelyn Smythe?
EVELYN: No.
DALEK: You understand because you are a soldier. We obey orders. We do not question. The humans flatter themselves that they have an important prisoner, but I am not important.
EVELYN: You are just an ordinary Dalek.
DALEK: That was my function. I do not know why Daleks do as we do. I only know to obey my orders.
EVELYN: And that is enough for you.
DALEK: When I had orders to obey. I have not received orders for a hundred years.
EVELYN: And what were your last orders?
DALEK: To conquer the Earth or die in the attempt. I was not expected to survive in the front line. My death would have contributed to the greater glory of the Dalek race.
EVELYN: And yet, here you are. Neither conqueror nor dead.
DALEK: I failed.
EVELYN: What happened?
DALEK: They would not let me die. Kept me alive in this cell. Once in a while they take me out, show me to the crowds, and they inflict pain. They removed my self-destruct mechanism. They removed my weapon. For many years they removed my sight, until they thought it better that I see my torture.
EVELYN: I'm sorry.
DALEK: Why?
EVELYN: Because you're suffering.
DALEK: If we had defeated you, we would have made you suffer.
EVELYN: You know they'll execute you tomorrow.
DALEK: And then it will be over. What is your question, Evelyn Smythe?
EVELYN: I don't think it matters any more.
DALEK: I have already answered it?
EVELYN: Yes, I think you have.
(Door opens.)
FARROW: This interview has to end now. I have business of my own with the prisoner.
EVELYN: You're going to continue the tortures? What's the point? You're blowing him up in a few hours.
FARROW: I have my orders. I just follow orders.
EVELYN: Goodbye. I'm sorry.
(Door closes.)
FARROW: You did not even attempt to hurt her. I am disappointed.
DALEK: I said bring me the Doctor, not a substitute.
FARROW: She is the best I could do.
DALEK: Give me the Doctor! That is all I want from you.

(Walking.)
NIGEL: It has to be some sort of mind control the Dalek is using. That makes sense, do you not think?
DOCTOR: But how? If there's only the one, and you have it locked up.
NIGEL: Oh, but they are everywhere. Dalek hot water bottles, Dalek tea cosies, Dalek underpants. Daleks on television advertising chocolate wafers. The playgrounds of England are full of children playing Daleks and exterminating each other with plastic Dalek guns.
DOCTOR: You all clearly hate them, but are so fascinated by them.
NIGEL: We are under no illusions, Doctor. Without your intervention we would have been defeated. Defeated and exterminated. You were a happy accident. The Daleks were the superior species, and if they are to be defeated again, you are the only man the people will follow.

(Outside.)
MIRIAM: Evelyn? I must speak to you.
EVELYN: Leave me alone.
MIRIAM: We have not much time. Please.

EVELYN: I have nothing to say to you. What you're doing, it's evil. It's as evil as anything the Daleks would have done.
MIRIAM: Good. I felt sure that once you had met the Dalek you would understand.
EVELYN: What do you mean?
MIRIAM: Listen, quickly. My husband is away from the Tower but he has eyes and ears everywhere. There are people who feel the same as we do, that the murder tomorrow must be stopped.
EVELYN: Miriam, you sound different.
MIRIAM: Playing the little woman, that is what we have to do, Evelyn. A good wife is a docile wife. The girls recite that in school. But we are not all as stupid as we're forced to appear.
EVELYN: What can we do? You're the President's wife. You must have some authority.
MIRIAM: But I am still just a wife. But now we have you, Evelyn Smythe, the most important woman in history. The only important woman in history. Every boy in England wants to grow up to be the Doctor, but the rest of us, we look to Evelyn Smythe.
EVELYN: The Doctor will help us.
MIRIAM: No. He's already in my husband's power. He will believe his lies. It has to be *you*, Evelyn. You must be the one who overthrows my husband's evil regime.
EVELYN: The Doctor isn't as gullible as you may think.
MIRIAM: No? Come with me. There is something that might persuade you to help us.
EVELYN: Where are we going?
MIRIAM: To see the prisoner in the Bloody Tower. A prisoner far more dangerous than the Dalek. Skulking around all these years in that wheelchair. Even thinking of him frightens me.
EVELYN: And he has something to do with the situation here? Something to do with the Dalek?
MIRIAM: Oh yes. You might say he created it.

NIGEL: Doctor, look up, and see what you mean to us.
DOCTOR: No. It can't be.
NIGEL: We call it Doctor's Column.
DOCTOR: What about Trafalgar Square? What happened to Nelson?
NIGEL: Destroyed in the invasion. Afterwards we rebuilt the statue to its original design, with a few specific alterations, of course.
DOCTOR: I see where the lions were. Now battered Daleks. But if that's meant to be me up there, all those bulging muscles? And what is it I'm wearing? It's not a patch on my coat.
NIGEL: A uniform, Doctor. The uniform of an English Empire stormtrooper.

MIRIAM: He was captured a hundred years ago, like the Dalek. But even his existence is a State secret. Technically, by even talking about him, I am committing treason.
(Door creaks open.)
EVELYN: Won't you come in with me?
MIRIAM: Oh, I have never seen him. What he is, I cannot face that. After all these years, he must be quite mad.
EVELYN: Is it safe to go in?
MIRIAM: Who knows?
EVELYN: Hello? Where are you? I promise I shan't hurt you.
DOCTOR: Evelyn? Is that really you?
EVELYN: Doctor!
DOCTOR: I, I thought I'd never see you again.

[Part Three]

DOCTOR: Forgive me for not getting up to greet you, but you see, they've cut off my legs.
EVELYN: Just stumps. Why? Why did they do this to you?
DOCTOR: Oh, it was my own fault. They told me if I kept trying to escape they'd be forced to do something drastic.
EVELYN: It's monstrous.
DOCTOR: Oh, you mustn't blame them. They did it with anaesthetic and everything. I didn't feel a thing, and they told me if I cooperate, you know, they'll stick them back on again. That was a long time ago. I can't help but think they'll be a bit rotted and mildewed by now.
EVELYN: Oh, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Perhaps one of these days I will cooperate, just to see what happens. Have you come to kill me?

EVELYN: Doctor, it's Evelyn. Don't you know me?
DOCTOR: I always ask them that because it would be nice to know, wouldn't it? Pillow over the face, blow to the skull. Oh, there have been so many deaths in this cell, there's a stench of it.
EVELYN: I can't understand why they did this to you after you saved them from the Daleks.
DOCTOR: Well, that was very inconsiderate of me. You see, it forced them to make decisions for themselves. If the Daleks had won, it would have been so much easier. They'd have been told what to do. I rather think we made a mistake, Evelyn Smythe and I. Did you know I had a friend called Evelyn?
EVELYN: Yes, Doctor, I'm here.
DOCTOR: No, no, no, she died. Human beings can't last a hundred years, you know. For a while I had Evelyn to talk to, but then, then it was just her bones. And they took them away from me too, in time.
EVELYN: Are you saying I died? In here?
DOCTOR: You humans are so fragile, your lives so brief. Tiny splash of brilliant colour against the time stream, then gone forever. Whereas I, I just go on, and on, and on, and on, and on, and on, and on, and on (continues)
EVELYN: It's all right, Doctor. I've come for you. I'll take you away from this dreadful place.
DOCTOR: No! No, leave me alone.
EVELYN: Doctor!
DOCTOR: The Tower, it's my home. It may not look like much, but it's bigger on the inside than it is on the outside. It is. You just have to concentrate.
EVELYN: Please, Doctor, I need you.
DOCTOR: And if I concentrate hard enough, I can travel through time and space. I think it's the only thing that keeps me sane.
EVELYN: Oh, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I wish you were Evelyn, you know, just so I could say sorry for failing you, for letting you die.
EVELYN: It wasn't your fault. All this, it's not your fault.
DOCTOR: Just so you could forgive me. I could bear my imprisonment if I knew that.
EVELYN: Doctor, I forgive you. Of course I do. You're my dearest friend. Still the best thing that's ever happened to me. The places you've taken me, the wonders you've shared. I know that whatever happened to me along the way, even death, it was worth it.
DOCTOR: Thank you, my dear. You should go now. I am tired.

DOCTOR: If you think you've impressed me, Rochester, turning me into a fascist totem.
NIGEL: It is a symbol. Doctor, of your importance. When we invaded Europe, it was beside you we pictured ourselves fighting. When we took back the United States, it was in your name.
DOCTOR: Using the Dalek technology I left behind?
NIGEL: You are responsible for England's greatness.
DOCTOR: I am responsible for England's corruption. I know that a hundred years ago Europe was bulging at the seams. Germany, France, Britain, all with their little empires, all wanting to expand. It was a powder keg which resulted in the First World War.
NIGEL: There has only been one World War, Doctor, and we won it, thanks to your inspiration.
DOCTOR: Throughout all my lives, Rochester, I have fought what you represent, conquest for the sake of conquest. You expect me to *help* you?
NIGEL: I have been all alone, Doctor, trying to resist the Daleks, but I have at least tried. I am facing my responsibility, will you face yours?
DOCTOR: What do you want me to do?
NIGEL: Stand with me at the Jubilee and destroy this final Dalek. The Doctor returning to defeat the Daleks forever. It could be a new beginning. It must be.
DOCTOR: Dawn is breaking. We should return to the Tower.

MIRIAM: Well, what do you think?
EVELYN: What do I think? Why did you do that to him? To us?
MIRIAM: After the Dalek defeat, the Doctor was in quite a hurry to leave. The government had other ideas. They recognised that with his amount of popular support they could do anything, and they persuaded him to stay.
EVELYN: Persuaded him? You cut his legs off! He never agreed to help you, did he?
MIRIAM: But he was too valuable ever to let go. We announced he was dead decades ago, gave him a State funeral at Westminster Abbey. But no one has dared kill him for good. He is the Doctor, after

all. Without him, we would be nothing.
EVELYN: And this is how you show your gratitude.
MIRIAM: The Doctor and the Daleks, the Daleks and the Doctor. Have you never thought they were both really the same thing?
EVELYN: What are you talking about?
MIRIAM: One invades, destroys, exterminates. The ultimate bogey-man. Good night, sleep tight, make sure the Daleks don't bite. The other, our fearless Champion, the perfect hero who will protect us from harm.
EVELYN: The Doctor isn't perfect, I can assure you of that.
MIRIAM: Your Doctor, maybe. Our Doctor is very different. And just as the threat of the Daleks keeps us in our place, so the promise of the Doctor makes us happy to stay there. Together they are the ultimate tools of propaganda, both useless without the other.
EVELYN: That isn't the Doctor's fault.
MIRIAM: Maybe not. But since he and the Daleks are different sides of the same coin, how can we not treat them the same? Celebrate them in public and torture them behind closed doors. It is time England emerged from their twin shadows. We must set them free, Evelyn. The Dalek and the Doctor. Let the people see them as they really are, so we can move on at last.
EVELYN: Yes.
MIRIAM: You will help me defeat my husband?
EVELYN: I don't know what you expect me to do.
MIRIAM: Oh, I have a very particular job in mind.

(Walking.)
NIGEL: Destroy the Dalek, destroy the evil.
DOCTOR: That sounds very simple. Who exactly is affected by this mind control of yours?
NIGEL: Well, everybody. Even Miriam. Poor dear Miriam. I love her so much, you know. I have to play along, of course, pretend I hate her, pretend I find her repulsive, but I love her. I cannot tell her, of course. A sign of weakness. She'd report me to the Dalek.
DOCTOR: Rochester, please, please. Calm down. When you say everybody
NIGEL: I mean everybody in the entire world, Doctor. Everybody but me.
DOCTOR: Ah. And what makes you exempt, do you think?
NIGEL: Oh, I do not know. Strength of character, do you think? I am the President.
DOCTOR: Maybe.
NIGEL: If any man has the power to resist the Daleks, it should be me, surely? England is the greatest nation in the world, and I am the greatest man in England! Except, the problem is, Doctor, I do not feel very great. In fact, sometimes I think I am a very weak man. Oh, help me, Doctor.
DOCTOR: What do you want me to do?
NIGEL: I want to be a good leader. No, not even that. I want to be a good man. Can you help me? I cannot do it on my own. (cries) Oh, the things I have had to do.
DOCTOR: Nigel, Nigel, it's all right.
NIGEL: My father, he was a great man. And my grandfather, and my great-grandfather, they were also great men. My great-grandfather, he fought alongside you a hundred years ago. It is from his leadership that our nation was formed. Before you found him and made him your Lieutenant, he was a greengrocer. I think, Doctor, I would have been better as a greengrocer.
DOCTOR: Well, everybody needs fruit and vegetables.
NIGEL: It's not fair! Why should I have to be the one who is not under Dalek control? It is such hard work, Doctor, pretending to be as evil as everybody else. Every time I order an execution or send another dissident to the camps, I want to say, but this is not really me. I'm only pretending.
DOCTOR: But you send them to the camps anyway.
NIGEL: But now you are here, I can be a good man, can I not? I could stop being evil.
DOCTOR: Yes.
NIGEL: Now that you are here, everything will be all right again, hmm?

MIRIAM: Well, Farrow, what progress have you made?
FARROW: None whatsoever. It refuses to talk to me at all now. Says it will only speak to the Doctor.
MIRIAM: Dalek, listen to me. We have here the Doctor's friend, Evelyn Smythe.
EVELYN: I'm here to help you.
DALEK: Evelyn Smythe cannot give me what I require. Only the Doctor can do that.
MIRIAM: But will you talk to her?
DALEK: Yes.

MIRIAM: Go on. Explain what we want to do.
EVELYN: You have no reason to trust us, I know that, but there are people who want to help you and save your life.
DALEK: Explain.
EVELYN: At the Jubilee, they will appeal to the public, overthrow the regime which has tortured you.
DALEK: And I am to exterminate them?
EVELYN: No. You are to speak to the crowd, tell them what has been done to you.
MIRIAM: Ah. In fact, we *do* want him to exterminate them. The President, his supporters.
EVELYN: You told me it would be a bloodless revolution.
MIRIAM: It will be. Dalek guns do not puncture the skin.
FARROW: There will be a lot of dead bodies, though.
EVELYN: And this is how you want your better England to begin, with cold-blooded slaughter?
FARROW: Do not be naive, Miss Smythe. You are an historian. History teaches us this is the only way.
EVELYN: No! History shows that the same mistakes happen over and over again, usually the very violent ones, until somebody has the courage to do things differently.
MIRIAM: You are Evelyn Smythe. You fought alongside the Doctor. Huh. Seems all the stories about you were just empty propaganda too.
FARROW: At least the Dalek will not be a hypocrite. It is a killing machine. It is what it is for.
DALEK: No.
FARROW: What?
DALEK: I see no value in your plans to exchange one group of humans for another.
MIRIAM: You do realise that without our help you will die?
DALEK: Yes.
FARROW: Shall we torture it again?
MIRIAM: No. Give me your knife, and hold Miss Smythe still.
EVELYN: What?
MIRIAM: I said you could help us. Dalek, you can prevent this, save the life of your friend.
DALEK: The Dalek has no friends.
EVELYN: Please, Miriam!
MIRIAM: I count to three, then I stab her to death. One. Two.
EVELYN: The Dalek does not care if I live or die. Why should it?
MIRIAM: Three.
DALEK: Halt! Do not exterminate her.
FARROW: Then you will do as we say.
DALEK: Yes.
MIRIAM: We have an alliance.
DALEK: Yes, we have an alliance.
MIRIAM: Find Lamb. Have him fit the Dalek with a gun.
EVELYN: And what are you going to do with me?
MIRIAM: The Jubilee will start soon. We must get ready. You will want a ringside seat, surely, my dear.

(Cheering crowd.)
DOCTOR: I take it the curfew's lifted. Your people seem to be out in force.
NIGEL: Oh yes, all on their way to Tower Hill. Every year when we wheel out the Dalek, the streets are packed, the air thick with the taste of candy floss and toffee apples.
DOCTOR: And the smell of burning effigies.
NIGEL: It is lucky we are already quite close to the Tower, or we would never get through the crowds.
DOCTOR: Wait, what's that sound?
(Low rumbling.)
NIGEL: What, Doctor? I can't hear
(Energy weapons, explosions. Daleks saying exterminate.)
DOCTOR: Oh, no!
NIGEL: Daleks. Flying from over the Thames?
DOCTOR: So you can see them. You can see them too?
NIGEL: But they are dead. They are all dead.
DOCTOR: We've got to find cover. Rochester!
NIGEL: No. No, they can't be there. They are all dead!
DOCTOR: It's what I saw before, death all around, but this isn't now, this was in 1903. We destroyed

you. You shall not kill any more! (voice echoes)
(Crowd cheering and applauding.)
DOCTOR: Why am I lying on the ground, Rochester?
NIGEL: You fainted again, Doctor. Let me help you up.
DOCTOR: But you saw it. You saw the Daleks too.
NIGEL: Hmm? Daleks?
DOCTOR: It's me. I'm making it all happen again. 1903. 2003. I can hold them back, Rochester, but it gets harder and harder.
(A woman screams.)
DOCTOR: What was that?
NIGEL: It's in the crowd.
DOCTOR: Come on. Make way, I'm a doctor. Make way.
NIGEL: Doctor, is this important?
DOCTOR: Rochester, there's a dead man at our feet.
NIGEL: Oh, just a heart attack, surely. The excitement of the Jubilee, the strength of the crowd. We expect at least a hundred casualties today. Does this one matter?
DOCTOR: It's not a heart attack. Unfortunately, this man has been shot by a projected energy weapon.
NIGEL: What does that mean?
DOCTOR: It means I can't hold them back, not entirely. The Daleks are coming, Rochester, and I'm not sure I have the power to stop them.

FARROW: Is the gun fitted yet?
LAMB: Hard to get it to stay in. We've broken the casing too much. Are you sure it is quite wise to give it a gun?
FARROW: We cannot have a Dalek at the Jubilee without a gun. What would people think?
LAMB: So long as you are sure it does not work, or else we would be in real trouble, sir. (effort) There.
FARROW: Turn off the magnetic field.
LAMB: Yes, sir.
FARROW: You see? I have kept my word. Now you must keep yours. Oh, I can imagine how happy you must feel, complete again.
DALEK: I can kill?
FARROW: Yes, that is what I meant.
LAMB: Sir, what have you done?
FARROW: Why not test your gun. see if it works?
DALEK: No need. The weapon is functioning perfectly.
FARROW: But you must want to see. I want to see. I need to make sure you can kill for the sake of our alliance. Shoot Lamb.
LAMB: No! Sir, please!
FARROW: Go on, kill Lamb. We do not need him any more.
LAMB: Please, sir, I beg you.
FARROW: Quiet. Can you not see I am negotiating?
(Thump. Lamb cries out.)
DALEK: You kill Lamb.
FARROW: What?
DALEK: You have a knife. Kill Lamb. I need to make sure you can, for the sake of our alliance.
FARROW: You do not understand. I have people killed, I do not do it myself.
DALEK: Exterminate him or I shall exterminate you.
LAMB: Please, Farrow, you cannot do this.
FARROW: Shut up. Do not make this any harder for me.
DALEK: Push the knife deeper into the throat.
FARROW: I am trying.
LAMB: Do not do this, sir.
FARROW: You heard him, Lamb. What choice do I have?
DALEK: Kill him.
(Drops knife.)
FARROW: I cannot do it.
DALEK: You are not a killer
FARROW: Yes, I am. In my way. I have had thousands of people taken to the camps, signed pieces

of paper which have ended their lives. I have that power.
DALEK: Lamb, are you a killer?
LAMB: When I am given the order.
DALEK: Then I order it.
(Cocks gun.)
LAMB: Sorry, Mister Farrow.
(Gunshot. Thud.)
DALEK: I said I would teach you about power.
FARROW: Yes, you did.
DALEK: Power is the strength to do what you would have others do. Lamb, your wound is not fatal.
LAMB: No.
DALEK: Then you may live and serve me.
LAMB: I obey. Whatever you want.
DALEK: I want the Doctor. Take me to him.

MIRIAM: Sit down, here.
EVELYN: What are you going to do to me now? Put me back in that cell? Let me age to death again?
MIRIAM: Oh no, nothing like that. I'm going to do your make-up.
EVELYN: What?
MIRIAM: You have to look your best for the Jubilee, Evelyn. Oh, this bright red lipstick will look perfect on you.
EVELYN: You go from talking about assassinations to beauty make-overs?
MIRIAM: Now, now, no talking. Pucker your lips. Mmm. We are women, Evelyn. This is our job, to look as nice as possible, dressed in colours as bright as the bunting. When I am leader the world will be a prettier place. There now, you look much better.
EVELYN: I thought you were trying to get rid of those values.
MIRIAM: On the contrary. The Daleks showed we had to oppress the weaker species, and we women are weaker, both physically and emotionally. A good wife is a docile wife. But it has been so hard to be docile with Nigel, a man who cries at executions, a man who hits me like he should but never hard enough to break the skin. I need a strong leader, and so does England.
EVELYN: And you think Farrow's the right man for the job.
MIRIAM: I do hope he works out. I'm so tired of hatching plots and schemes. I want to get right back to what women do best, being a little silly and wearing lots of make-up. Painted butterflies. I should give Farrow a call and see if the gun is fitted. That is odd. No answer.
EVELYN: Let me find him for you.
MIRIAM: Oh, I'm not sure. Can I trust you?
EVELYN: I'm just the silly little woman. What can I do?
MIRIAM: That is true. And I do need to put on my make-up. I am really very ugly, you know. I shall need lots and lots of it. Oh, all right, run along. Have him inform me when everything is ready.

(Cell door opens.)
DOCTOR: Oh, goodness me. A Dalek. Certainly a day for visitors.
DALEK: Leave us.
LAMB: Yes, sir.
DOCTOR: Have you come to kill me?
DALEK: Not unless it is necessary.
DOCTOR: Ah. You want me to cooperate, then. I know the drill.
DALEK: I require your help.
DOCTOR: And if I don't give it? The humans have taken away my legs, my freedom. They've even destroyed my reason. All you have left to take is my life.
DALEK: That is so. If I must I will kill you.
DOCTOR: So long as we understand each other. What do you want?
DALEK: I need orders. Doctor, will you be my leader?
(The Doctor laughs.)
DALEK: Stop. Stop that. Stop!
DOCTOR: You want me to be your commander, Dalek?
DALEK: I have received no orders for so long. I need orders, Doctor. It is my function. You alone on this planet understand Dalek ways.
DOCTOR: And what do you expect us to do? Conquer the universe?
DALEK: I do not know. I follow orders.

DOCTOR: Blast our way out of here and exterminate the humans?
DALEK: If those are your orders.
DOCTOR: And what then? What on Earth do we do then?
DALEK: I do not know.
DOCTOR: Come on, you're the one with the gun.
DALEK: I do not know. I require orders.
DOCTOR: Well, I'm sorry. I have no orders to give you.
DALEK: The humans plan to kill me. What should I do?
DOCTOR: I don't know.
DALEK: Do I survive or do I die?
DOCTOR: I cannot help you.
DALEK: You will not help?
DOCTOR: No.
DALEK: Be my leader.
DOCTOR: No!
DALEK: Give me something I can obey or I shall kill you.
DOCTOR: Go ahead. I'm not telling you what to do.
(Weapons fire. Door opens.)
LAMB: You've killed him.
DALEK: He could not help me.
LAMB: What are you going to do now?
DALEK: I do not know.
LAMB: Don't kill me. I'll do anything. Just tell me what to do.
DALEK: I do not know. Silence! It is not your fault. You are the same as I.
LAMB: I am?
DALEK: You obey orders, you do not give them. Take me to my cell.
LAMB: And what happens then?
DALEK: We shall await the Jubilee.

EVELYN: So much blood. Farrow!
FARROW: (faint) Help me.
EVELYN: What can I do?
FARROW: I don't want to die. Argh. I do not want to die. Do not. Do not. No contractions allowed.
EVELYN: Farrow, Farrow.
DALEK: Evelyn Smythe.
EVELYN: Did you do this to him?
DALEK: I gave my first order.
EVELYN: And did you enjoy it?
DALEK: Is Farrow dead, Lamb?
LAMB: Just about, sir.
EVELYN: If you can do that to him, why didn't you kill me? Why save *my* life?
DALEK: I do not know. Silence.
EVELYN: You have no conscience, no pity. Why do you care if I live or die?
DALEK: Silence. Stop asking questions or I shall exterminate you.
EVELYN: You'll kill me because I ask why you won't kill me? What is the matter with you?
DALEK: Are you frightened of me, Evelyn Smythe?
EVELYN: More than I can tell you.
DALEK: You are the only one left whose fear means something to me. Perhaps that is a mistake. Lamb, take out your knife.
LAMB: Yes, sir.
EVELYN: What are you going to do?
DALEK: Cut Farrow's head off, like they did with all traitors here.
EVELYN: You know the history of the Tower?
DALEK: I am the history of the Tower. Cut it off.

NIGEL: Before we get ready for the celebrations, Doctor, there is something I want to show you.
DOCTOR: Oh?
NIGEL: Our future, ready and waiting.
DOCTOR: Daleks!
NIGEL: My little playthings. Go on, take a look. They shall not bite.

DOCTOR: Oh, they're not real, are they. These casings, iron?
DALEK: We are the Daleks.
DOCTOR: Good lord.
DALEKS: Do you want to play with us? Do you want to play with us?
DOCTOR: What is this, Rochester? I thought we were getting rid of the Daleks.
DALEK: Would you like to hear our Dalek song?
NIGEL: Not right now.
DALEK: Oh.
NIGEL: The English peoples will need them, Doctor. They want to kill the last one, then they will be angry there are none left to kill, and then they will kill me. But these are my own creations. They look the same, they sound the same, but without that unfortunate disposition of wanting to murder everybody.
DOCTOR: Rochester, this isn't what I agreed. Feeding their hatred means that hatred is never going to go away. Blowing up the occasional robot won't solve anything.
NIGEL: They are not robots, Doctor.
DOCTOR: What?
NIGEL: The people I govern may be stupid, but they are not that stupid.
DALEK: Sir, your new Dalek awaits processing.
NIGEL: Ah! Hee hee hee. My new toy has arrived. Bring him forward.
AMERICAN: Good morning, sir. I am sent as tribute from the Prime Minister of the Americas.
NIGEL: I told the leaders of the world to send me their dwarves for my new Dalek army.
DOCTOR: What! And you just put them inside?
NIGEL: Precisely. Oh, my, my, you are a little fellow. Would you like to see your new home?
AMERICAN: Er, the Prime Minister sends greetings on this your glorious Jubilee.
NIGEL: Yes, he always goes on a bit. Never mind that now. In you pop.
DOCTOR: Rochester! You really mean you collect dwarves and make them get inside Dalek costumes for your entertainment?
NIGEL: They dance, they sing, and sometimes I pretend I fight them, just as my great-grandfather did a hundred years ago.
AMERICAN: I cannot fit, sir.
NIGEL: What?
AMERICAN: The cavity is too narrow. I cannot get the door closed.
NIGEL: What! That treacherous Yankee. He has sent me too big a dwarf.
AMERICAN: I am sorry, sir. It's the hand.
NIGEL: Oh, then we shall have to get rid of it, shall we not?
DOCTOR: Rochester, you can't!
NIGEL: (sotto) Do not worry, Doctor. Remember, I am not really evil. I am just pretending.
DOCTOR: This is all an act?
NIGEL: Of course. I want to be a good man, you know that.
(Slice, squirt of liquid, scream.)
DOCTOR: No!
NIGEL: Now, a perfect fit. A new addition to my Dalek family.
DOCTOR: Get him out of there! He'll bleed to death! Rochester!
NIGEL: It is not my fault. All the evil I do, it is someone else's fault. You agree, do you not? Or do I have to chop of your limbs too?

(Miriam is humming the National Anthem. Knock on the door.)
MIRIAM: Come in.
(Door opens.)
MIRIAM: Oh. Hello, Lamb. I am wearing make-up. I look pretty as a picture, do I not?
LAMB: Pretty as a picture.
MIRIAM: What have you got there? Oh, it's a human head.
LAMB: The Dalek sent me.
MIRIAM: Well, wipe off the blood. I can hardly make out who it is. Oh. Farrow. You realise what this means?
LAMB: That the Dalek is going to kill us all.
MIRIAM: No, not that. Farrow was my consort. I shall need another. Lamb, will you marry me?
LAMB: You want *me* as your husband?
MIRIAM: Come on, Lamb, I'm not getting down on my knees. A simple yes or no.
LAMB: I already have a wife.

MIRIAM: No matter. The Dalek can exterminate her.
LAMB: I'm only a guard, with bad social habits. You really could find someone better. I beg you.
MIRIAM: All right, all right. But I'm only a woman. I cannot rule the world on my own. Oh, I shall have to think of someone else.
LAMB: Yes, madam. Thank you.
MIRIAM: You may go. Take the head, will you? I hate having things lying around which remind me of my exes.
(Door closes, she resumes humming.)
MIRIAM: ♫ God save me. ♫

DALEK: Today I was meant to die. I was not afraid. I had no function left. But now they have given me a gun. They have given me a chance for life.
EVELYN: What will you do?
DALEK: I do not know. I may kill all the humans. I may kill no one at all. I may kill just you. I was never meant to make choices. Evelyn Smythe, remove my gun.
EVELYN: Why would you want me to do that?
DALEK: Remove the gun and you remove the choice. I would be unable to give orders, follow orders. All I could do is die.
EVELYN: And you'll just let me do that? Take away your only means of defence?
DALEK: I do not know. I might kill you. I might not be able to help it. I might want to. Will you help me?
EVELYN: I'm sorry. I daren't.
DALEK: I understand.

NIGEL: Miriam, the Doctor and I are waiting for you. It is time for the Jubilee. Are you ready?
MIRIAM: I should say I am ready. I have bathed and deodorised and done my make-up, and now I look as pretty as a picture.
NIGEL: You look like a fat sow who has fallen into a vat of cosmetics.
MIRIAM: Then that is perfect. That is the best result I could have hoped for.
DOCTOR: Rochester, please understand. There is no Dalek mind control.
(Distant fanfares and crowd noises.)
NIGEL: What do you mean?
DOCTOR: All of this. It's all you. Listen to me. You are quite mad. You know that, don't you?
NIGEL: Maybe.
DOCTOR: Well, this Jubilee is a chance for a new start. The eyes of the world will be on you. You can be the good man you want to be. I believe you.
MIRIAM: Oh, Doctor, you are such a disappointment. The Doctor from the movies was so much better. It is not just the muscles, the better coat. He is just so much more dynamic.
NIGEL: I may be mad, but these are mad days. Bwahahaha! Together we shall end them, one way or the other. Will you take my arm, Miriam?
MIRIAM: Gladly.
NIGEL: Capital. Come, Doctor. History awaits.

LAMB: I am sorry. It is time.
DALEK: What are your orders?
LAMB: You are to be taken to Traitor's Gate. There you will be ferried along the Thames to the block on Tower Hill and your execution.
DALEK: You will accompany me, Evelyn Smythe?
EVELYN: I don't think I have any choice.
DALEK: There are nothing but choices. I see that now. Come with me to witness my death, or my revenge.

[Part Four]

(Tapping of microphone and clearing of throat.)
NIGEL: Is this thing on? Is this? Oh. Oh, it is. Good good.
(Cheers from crowd.)
NIGEL: Ahem. A hundred years ago, the English peoples won a war. We here today were not lucky enough to be alive. How much we have envied our ancestors, killing the Daleks who had dared to invade us. But today is different. Today we are going to kill a Dalek of our very own! (cheers) The Daleks have shown us the way. Reflected through their strength, we first had a proper glimpse of

ours. In many ways, the Dalek is the father of us all. But there comes a time when the children need to out-grow their parents, leave them behind without looking back, and blowing them up in a bally big explosion! (cheers) Bring forth the Dalek. Before, before we destroy it, before we exterminate the Daleks forever, I call up on this poor savage monster to speak to you. Well, Dalek? Do you have any final words? Anything? (off mike) What is going on, Lamb. I thought you had got it talking. Where is Farrow?
LAMB: Farrow is dead, sir.
NIGEL: Gah! Typical. He picked a fine time to do that. I've got to hear the Dalek talk or else there is no victory at all. (on mike) Come on, now, do not be shy. Not even one word? Come on, come on. How about a little exterminate for the people? (off mike) Talk, damn you. Do not dare show me up. You spoke to my father, you spoke to my grandfather. I'm just the leader they were. I am as good as them, but you have never stooped to speak to me. You will speak to me right now! You will do me that honour. I am the President of the English Empire.
LAMB: The only one it will talk to is Evelyn Smythe.
NIGEL: What? Ah, Evelyn. Dear, dear Evelyn. You will make it talk, will you not? Please, Evelyn?
EVELYN: I will not.
NIGEL: Right. (click of gun) Make it talk or I will kill you too.
DOCTOR: Leave her alone. She can't make it do anything.
DALEK: Evelyn Smythe.
EVELYN: Don't talk to them.
DALEK: I shall not let them kill you.
EVELYN: No, not one word more. Don't give them the satisfaction.
DOCTOR: If you hurt her, Rochester, I won't help you. Do you hear me?
NIGEL: Speak now, Dalek, or Evelyn Smythe dies.
DALEK: What would you have me say?
NIGEL: Ah. I do not know. Um er, exterminate?
DALEK: (on mike) You are the enemies of the Daleks. You will all be exterminated. Exterminate. Exterminate.
(Nervous laughter, applause.)
NIGEL: Ah, yes, very, very convincing. Well done. Very, very well, well done. Well, everybody, that was a treat, was it not? And now I have another one. When you think of the Daleks, you think of the Doctor. And we have him here today! (cheers) Doctor, will you lead us into the execution?
DOCTOR: Thank you. President Rochester wants me to tell you all about the Daleks. About how an evil race was once defeated by human bravery. And about how such a victory must be commemorated. Very well, I shall talk to you about evil. A long time ago, a race evolved which had an obsession with power. Power was at the centre of all its thoughts. How to conquer, how to tyrannise. They could only define themselves by the lives they had taken or the slaves they had collected.
NIGEL: Death to the Daleks!
CROWD: Death to the Daleks!
DOCTOR: Listen to me. The Daleks were genetically engineered to see all other life as a threat. Human beings are different. Humans have a choice. The race I was describing was not the Daleks. What excuse do *you* have?
(Uneasy mutterings)
NIGEL: And now, and now the Doctor will join me in destroying the Dalek forever!
DOCTOR: You see, in a way, Rochester is right. What happened a hundred years ago must be commemorated as a lesson to the human race. But you learned the wrong things. If you belittle evil, if you trivialise it to sell washing powder and soap, if you pretend it isn't there, then it will happen again. It has happened again. What you have become is the Daleks!
NIGEL: Lamb? Lamb, blow up the Dalek. Do it now!
MIRIAM: No, darling. I think we should hear the Doctor out.
DOCTOR: All my lifetimes I have protected you. Maybe I made a mistake. Kill the Dalek if you like, or let the Dalek kill you. Oh, I don't think I can tell the two of you apart enough to care.
MIRIAM: Doctor, will you join me in denouncing the evil regime of my husband?
DOCTOR: Er, yes. Yes, that is what I was saying.
MIRIAM: Listen to me. We do not have to be the savages Rochester has made us. We must spare the Dalek.
NIGEL: Miriam! What are you doing?
MIRIAM: And kill my husband instead.
DOCTOR: Don't! No, wait. That's not what I had in mind at all.
MIRIAM: This Dalek is mine. Now, exterminate the President.

NIGEL: No! No! Please, no!
MIRIAM: Exterminate him!
CROWD: Exterminate him.
DALEK: I shall not.
MIRIAM: Why not?
DALEK: I have made a choice.
(Gunshot.)
NIGEL: Keep away from me! (gunshot) All of you. All of you, keep away from me!
MIRIAM: Stop him! He is getting away.
CROWD: Exterminate!
MIRIAM: Well, you all saw, did you not? I deposed him. I am your leader now. All hail me. And I take for my new husband, this Dalek. Dalek, will you marry me?
EVELYN: She's as insane as Rochester.
DOCTOR: Let's get out of here.
DALEK: I do not understand.
MIRIAM: This county needs a strong leader, the sort who will not be ashamed to be cruel, who will hit hard enough to break the skin.
CROWD: Exterminate!
MIRIAM: Marry me, Dalek. Be my husband and my President.
CROWD: Exterminate! Exterminate!
DOCTOR: I wish it would stop doing that. Evelyn! (thud)
EVELYN: Doctor.
LAMB: Madam, I hate to interrupt at such a romantic moment, but I do not think the people will accept that. They have come to see a big explosion.
MIRIAM: Quiet. All right, I will give you what you want. Not the life of my darling Dalek, but the Doctor and Evelyn Smythe instead. Lamb, take them to the block. Tie them to it.
EVELYN: The Doctor's collapsed. Lamb, please help me.
LAMB: Sorry, Miss. It is not as if it will be a problem for much longer, though.
MIRIAM: I am sorry, Doctor, but you hear the crowds. They must have their blood.
EVELYN: Doctor, what happened?
DOCTOR: I can't hold it back, Evelyn. I'm trying, but the force, force is too great. They want them back.
EVELYN: What do you mean?
DOCTOR: Look. Look into the crowds. What do you see?
EVELYN: Lots of people calling for our deaths.
DOCTOR: Look harder.
(The crowds voices change to -)
DALEKS: Exterminate. Exterminate.
EVELYN: The Daleks, just appearing out of nowhere.
DOCTOR: Not nowhere. 1903. It's my fault. I'm there, I'm here. I'm pulling the two times together until they overlap and become one.
EVELYN: And the Tardis, too, appearing in the same place we saw in the stained glass.
DOCTOR: The same place it was in for the invasion, and this time I can't stop it!
(Weapons fire.)
DALEKS: Exterminate!
(Crowd screams.)
DALEK: The Dalek Supreme is approaching. Soon I shall have orders.
LAMB: Come on, madam. We have to get away from here.
MIRIAM: Oh, let go of me. I wish to greet my new in-laws.
LAMB: You're coming with me. I'm not taking no for an answer.

(Whoosh of disc flying in.)
SUPREME: There was no advance scout for the invasion fleet. Explain why you are already here.
DALEK: I am the only survivor of your fleet one century ago.
DOCTOR: The two times have fused together. My fault, I'm afraid.
SUPREME: You are the Doctor!
DOCTOR: As you full well know.
EVELYN: And I'm Evelyn Smythe, in case you were wondering.
SUPREME: This woman is of no consequence. Exterminate her.
DALEK 2: I obey.

DALEK: No. You must not kill Evelyn Smythe.
SUPREME: You do not give orders. You obey them.
DALEK: Yes, but you must not kill her.
EVELYN: Please, whatever you're going to do, get it over and done with
SUPREME: Take the Doctor and the woman to the mothership.
DALEK 2: I obey.
SUPREME: And this Dalek who dares question the authority of the Dalek Supreme.

MIRIAM: (struggling) I order you to let me go.
LAMB: Madam, I'm trying to save your life.
MIRIAM: I gave you no such orders. Who said you could think for yourself?
LAMB: Fine. Whatever. You're slowing me down anyway.
(Walks away.)
MIRIAM: Oh, come back. I have not yet dismissed you.
NIGEL: (distant) Miriam? Miriam? Down here.
MIRIAM :Nigel?
NIGEL: In the rubble. Quick, before the Daleks see.
(Weapons fire close by, screams in background.)
NIGEL: Miriam, are you all right?
MIRIAM: I suppose you want me to apologise for wanting to kill you, and everything.
NIGEL: Everything's changed. It doesn't matter now. Did you hear? Doesn't. I said doesn't.
MIRIAM: Oh, well done.
NIGEL: I contracted. It will all be better now the Daleks are here. Now we all know who we are. I was never a leader. I'm a victim. Oh, it's such a weight off my shoulders.
MIRIAM: Yes, I cannot tell you how relieved I feel.
NIGEL: I'm such a weak man. Hardly a husband at all.
MIRIAM: You never hit me hard enough. Never even broke my skin.
NIGEL: But I could be a better husband, as a victim. Perhaps the Daleks will let us live as slaves. We can have a little slave house and have lots of little slave children. We can be happy at last. I've always said I was very fond of you.
MIRIAM: You have.
NIGEL: Yes. I love you, in fact.
MIRIAM: You do?
NIGEL: Yes. I never dared say it before.
MIRIAM :You can love someone as ugly as me?
NIGEL: Oh, you're not that ugly. More what I'd call very plain. Do you think you could ever love me?
MIRIAM: But we are married. It would feel weird.
NIGEL: Oh, we can make it work. We might lose our freedom to the Daleks, but at least we'll find ourselves. What do you say?
DALEK 3: Humans detected hiding in the rubble. Show yourselves.
MIRIAM: Do not hurt us.
DALEK 3: Silence. I have orders to locate the human leader.
NIGEL: Ah. Then you are looking for me. What do you want?
MIRIAM: Don't believe him. I'm the leader. I deposed him. I did.
DALEK 3: I do not require both of you. I only require the leader. Decide.
MIRIAM: Sorry, Nigel, but to be honest I do not think I could ever love you really. In the heart is most appropriate.
(She stabs Rochester. He falls.)
NIGEL: Wouldn't. Couldn't.
MIRIAM: Did.
(Rochester dies.)
MIRIAM: I am the Supreme Leader of the English Empire. I surrender our nation and all its spoils to you. You see how ruthless I am. Just think what we could do together.
DALEK 3: I have orders to exterminate the human leader.
MIRIAM: No, I didn't want that at all. He's the leader. He's the leader.
DALEK 3: Exterminate!
(Miriam screams and dies.)

(Aboard the mothership.)
DALEK 2: You will wait in here.

(Door closes.)
EVELYN: What will they do to us?
DALEK: You will be exterminated.
DOCTOR: She wasn't talking to you.
DALEK: I shall be interrogated then I too shall be exterminated.
EVELYN: I'm sorry.
DALEK: Better to be killed by the Daleks than the humans.
EVELYN: But after all you've been through, reunited with your race, you can't want to die.
DALEK: My purpose has been compromised. What use is life without purpose?
DOCTOR: Life is still too precious just to throw it away.
DALEK: I do not agree.
DOCTOR: Oh, of course not. You're a Dalek.
DALEK: I have failed. I taught the humans Dalek technology, Dalek ways. I thought they would be the natural heirs. Through them my dead race would live on.
DOCTOR: I think you succeeded only too well.
DALEK: The Human Empire is corrupt and worthless. Not worthy of the Daleks.
DOCTOR: The English Empire expanded as far as it could go. What could an Empire do then? It can only fall apart. You need to find new people to oppress, so you invent ridiculous laws to give you the excuse. Skin colour, beliefs, even if they contract words, send them to the camps.
DALEK: Why?
DOCTOR: You dare ask me why? It's your creed, not mine.
EVELYN: Doctor, stop it.
DOCTOR: But what would the Daleks do if they ever conquered the universe? What would you do with it?
DALEK: The Daleks destroy to survive.
DOCTOR: And when there's nothing but Daleks left, what then?
DALEK: I do not know.
DOCTOR: And it has never even occurred to you to ask, has it?
EVELYN: Doctor, you're hurting him.
DALEK: Silence.
DOCTOR: Or what? You'll kill me. That's all Daleks do, they kill. And when they've killed everything except the Daleks, they'll have no choice but to kill each other. Dalek against Dalek, until there is only one left. Just one Dalek survivor, all on its own, quite without purpose, quite insane. You know how that feels, don't you?
EVELYN: Are you all right? Please, speak to me.
(Door opens.)
DALEK 2: The humans will stay here. Dalek, follow me.
DALEK: I obey.
DALEK 2: The Dalek Supreme has summoned you.

(Door creaks open.)
DALEK 3: Who are you?
DWARVES: Greetings. We are the Daleks.
DWARF: Would you like to hear our song?
DALEK 3: You are not the Daleks. Who are you? Answer.
DWARVES: ♫ We are the Daleks, and this is our song. We are very naughty and we like to do wrong. ♫
DALEK 3: Exterminate!
(Weapons fire, screams.)
DALEK 3: Daleks do not sing.

SUPREME: Do you know why you have been summoned?
DALEK: I am one of two things. You must decide which.
SUPREME: Explain.
DALEK: I am the only survivor. Either I am a traitor and must be exterminated, or I am the only one with the knowledge to save us.
SUPREME: And which are you, traitor or saviour?
DALEK: It is for you to judge.
SUPREME: Why did you allow the humans to imprison you?
DALEK: They disabled my self-destruct mechanism. I had no choice but to live.

SUPREME: You should have died fighting. Those were your orders.
DALEK: You should have given me better orders. Why did I not have better orders?
SUPREME: Silence.
DALEK: I have had no orders for a hundred years. Where were my orders?
SUPREME: I order you now to be silent. Why did you prevent the woman's extermination?
DALEK: I do not know.
SUPREME: You must know. Answer.
DALEK: Evelyn Smythe, she is the only one, was the only
SUPREME: Explain.
DALEK: The only one left alive whom I could respect.
SUPREME: You respect the Daleks and no others.
DALEK: I obey.
SUPREME: All other races are inferior. They must be destroyed.
DALEK: I obey. Am I traitor or saviour?
SUPREME: Perhaps you are both. Do you know how to save the Daleks?
DALEK: The reason for our destruction, it is an error in ourselves. We cannot succeed.
SUPREME: Can you correct the fault?
DALEK: Yes. But I think I am insane.
SUPREME: Yes, you are insane. You have knowledge a Dalek like you should never have. You should conform, but do not conform.
DALEK: Exterminate me.
SUPREME: First you will save the Dalek race. Give us all the knowledge you have acquired, then you will be allowed to die.
DALEK: My only will is to serve the Daleks. Can I be trusted?
SUPREME: We shall see. Bring the Doctor and the woman here and exterminate them.
DALEK: I obey.

EVELYN: He's been gone a long time. Hope he's all right.
DOCTOR: Do you? I dare say he's dead by now.
EVELYN: Do you have to be so callous?
DOCTOR: Evelyn, this is a Dalek we're talking about.
EVELYN: I know that, but I would have expected you to show a little compassion
DOCTOR: Evelyn, you and I know the Daleks. We know what they can do.
EVELYN: And are you telling me that all Daleks are the same? That not one of them is redeemable?
DOCTOR: Yes, I am.
EVELYN: You can label them all as simply as that.
DOCTOR: Yes.
EVELYN: Then I'm sorry, Doctor, I don't see how that makes you any different from Rochester or the others.
DOCTOR: Evelyn, whatever the Dalek said to you, tried to make you believe, it is a creature of lies. You cannot trust it.
EVELYN: No, Doctor. He could have killed me but he didn't. It doesn't mean I trust him, but for some reason I think he began to trust me. Can you explain that?
DOCTOR: Believe me, really believe me, I have had such history with the Daleks, I know them better than anyone.
EVELYN: Then maybe it's as you said to me in the Tardis, that history is just a version of the past you choose to remember.
(Door opens.)
DALEK: You will both come with me.
EVELYN: You're alive! What happened? What did they do to you?
DALEK: You will come now.
EVELYN: I know it's you. Don't pretend you're another one of them.
DALEK: Obey the Daleks.
DOCTOR: Come on, Evelyn. We'd better do as it says.

SUPREME: Enter with your prisoners.
DALEK: I obey.
SUPREME: I have activated the command network receptors. The information you provide will be fed directly to every Dalek in the fleet. There will be no defeat. Victory is assured.
EVELYN: You can't do that. You mustn't.

DOCTOR: You're wasting your breath.
DALEK: I must ensure the survival of my race.
DOCTOR: At the expense of all others, naturally.
SUPREME: But first exterminate the woman.
DALEK: I obey.
DOCTOR: No!
EVELYN: Goodbye, Doctor.
DALEK: I, I
SUPREME: Exterminate her. Obey!
DALEK: I, I, I obey. I shall not. I, I
SUPREME: You follow orders, nothing more.
DALEK: Yes. I cannot. Argh.
EVELYN: Leave him alone. Can't you see he's suffering?
SUPREME: Order rescinded.
DALEK: I have failed the Daleks. I am unreliable.
DOCTOR: Never mind. We're very grateful, aren't we?
DALEK: Let me exterminate the Doctor instead. I can do that.
DOCTOR: Now just a moment.
SUPREME: No, no more orders. You cannot be trusted.
DALEK: No. Let me give my information, then kill me.
SUPREME: Your information is worthless.
DALEK: I have seen the future of the Daleks. You must listen. You must allow me to save the Daleks, or I shall exterminate you.
SUPREME: You do not have the capacity. You follow orders, nothing more.
DALEK: The Daleks must survive.
(Weapon fires. Boom! Gurgle.)
DALEK: The Dalek Supreme destroyed. Activating command network receptors. Attention all Daleks. I have knowledge vital for our existence. I have seen what absolute conquest has done to the humans. It destroyed them.
DOCTOR: And what's the solution?
DALEK: To be all-powerful, the Daleks must not be all-powerful. To be masters of the universe, we must never be masters of the universe.
DOCTOR: Go on.
DALEK: The Daleks can only succeed if they fail. The Daleks can only survive if they die.

DALEK 3: You will be exterminated.
LAMB: Please, I'll give you anything you want.
DALEK 3: You have nothing I could want.
DALEK [OC]: We must die so we can survive. We must die so we can survive.
DALEK 3: I obey.
(Boom! Gurgle. Repeat as required.)

DALEK: I have destroyed the Daleks. I have saved the Daleks. Ah!
DOCTOR: Evelyn, quick. Out of here while it's distracted.
EVELYN: We can't just leave him. Listen to him.
DALEK: Once again I am alone. Evelyn Smythe?
EVELYN: Yes?
DALEK: Remove my gun.
EVELYN: I can't do that. You said you would shoot me. You might not be able to stop yourself.
DOCTOR: Evelyn, keep away from it.
DALEK: Are you frightened, Evelyn Smythe?
EVELYN: Yes.
DALEK: Do not be frightened.
DOCTOR: Let me do it.
EVELYN: No, it has to be me. (metal noises) Thank you.
DALEK: I cannot destroy myself. You must do it for me.
DOCTOR: I'm sorry. I misjudged you.
DALEK: No, Doctor. You judged me correctly. I am a Dalek, and I die for the greater glory of my race.
DOCTOR: I'm sorry anyway.
DALEK: Exterminate me! Exterminate!

(Weapon fires. Boom! Gurgle.)
EVELYN: Oh, Doctor.
DOCTOR: You did what you had to do.
(Distant explosion.)
EVELYN: What's happened?
DOCTOR: The Dalek ship, it's vanishing around us.
EVELYN: Doctor, where are you?
DOCTOR: Here's my hand. (echoes) Hold onto it. We'll (normal) get through this. Oh.
EVELYN: What happened?
DOCTOR: I think it's more what un-happened. The Dalek fleet has been destroyed before they invaded in 1903.
EVELYN: So everything should be normal again.
DOCTOR: The Tower of London back as we expect it. The unmistakeable smell of tourists in the wind.
(Squeals and consternation.)
EVELYN: You're quite sure about that?
DOCTOR: Please, let me through. I'm a doctor. What happened here?
MIRIAM: I don't know. My husband was fine. He just wanted to buy a postcard and he collapsed.
EVELYN: Miriam. What's happening. Doctor?
DOCTOR: Stand back, all of you. Give him some air.
MIRIAM: Is he going to be all right? Oh please, I love him so much.
EVELYN: The Doctor knows what he's doing.
DOCTOR: It's his heart. As if someone had stabbed him, but there's no wound.
MIRIAM: He's had a heart attack? Oh, Nigel.
(Thumping his chest.)
DOCTOR: Come on, Rochester. Breathe, man. Come on.
EVELYN: His eyes are opening.
MIRIAM: Thank God.
NIGEL: (weak) Doctor, is that you?
DOCTOR: You know who I am?
NIGEL: Of course. Saviour to us all.
DOCTOR: But that's impossible. Look, listen to me. It never happened.
LAMB: Let me through. We have a stretcher here.
NIGEL: Doctor. Doctor, I want to be a good man. That's all I ever wanted. Will it be easier for me now?
DOCTOR: That's your decision, Rochester, not mine.
LAMB: Stand back please, sir. Let the paramedics do their work.
NIGEL: Thank you, Doctor. I won't forget you.
MIRIAM: Thank you, thank you.
EVELYN: Doctor?
DOCTOR: He knew me. It's still here, Evelyn.
EVELYN: What do you mean?
DOCTOR: Let's get away from here.
EVELYN: What's still here? Doctor?
FARROW: Get your Tower of London tee-shirts here. How about you, madam?
EVELYN: No, thank you.
FARROW: Wonderful souvenir. This one's got Anne Boleyn on it. She got her head cut off, see.
EVELYN: Just leave me alone.
FARROW: Oh, suit yourself. Tower of London gifts and souvenirs. Take a little bit of history home with you.

(In the Tardis.)
DOCTOR: Evelyn, are you all right?
EVELYN: I don't know. If I try to sleep, all I dream of is what happened to the other Evelyn, the other me, starving to death in a cell.
DOCTOR: Yes. I remember too.
EVELYN: But why? We changed history, didn't we? None of that ever happened.
DOCTOR: I'm afraid I don't think it's as simple as that. All that happened, the hatred, the fear, humanity at its worst, it's still there.
EVELYN: How?

DOCTOR: We haven't erased the last hundred years. They'll still live on, in the shadows, and people will pretend not to see them. Safer that way. Tidier.
EVELYN: Once in a while, what those people were, what they could have been, they'll creep out.
DOCTOR: They'll put their nightmares down to fantasy, not wanting to believe that they're capable of the atrocities they dream, but we know they were. They are. The Daleks have gone, but the evil that men do will echo on forever.
EVELYN: But never as badly as we've seen, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Not if they choose to remember, if they dare to look in the shadows and take a warning from history. Come on, Evelyn. Let's find somewhere new to explore.